

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

WANT BETTER GOODS.

DEMAND SHOWS IMPROVED FINANCIAL CONDITION.

Settlement of Steel Strike Is Followed by Speedy Resumption of Work—Little Discontent Between Employer and Employee.

"Normal conditions have been fully restored in the distribution of merchandise, the placing of delayed orders stimulating the few lines that appeared to halt. One of the most gratifying features of the business situation is the pronounced preference for the better grades of goods, clearly indicating the improved financial condition of consumers. Resumption of work has progressed rapidly in the steel industry since the settlement of the labor controversy, and there is little discontent between employer and employee in this line. Stability of prices, without inflation, is the rule, except where the unusual size of crops introduces a special factor," according to R. G. Dun & Co.'s review of trade. Continuing, the report says: "Wheat is well sustained, and still better prices are promised by the heavy export movement, which from all United States ports for the week ended 5,208,412 bushels, four included, against 3,557,412 bushels last year. Failures for the week numbered 227 in the United States, against 204 last year, and 31 in Canada, against 18 last year."

CHARGES PROMPT A SUICIDE.

Jacob A. Blodt, Accused Cleveland Business Man, Killed Himself. Jacob A. Blodt, for twenty years connected with extensive business interests in Cleveland, killed himself by asphyxiation in a little boarding house on Perry street. Mr. Blodt was secretary of the Guarantee Savings and Loan Company, which failed a few weeks ago. He had been arrested on the charge of embezzlement, and was out on bail when he ended his life. It is thought by his friends that desperation caused by the belief that he had been ruined through persecution caused him to take his life.

DOCTOR TO EACH 637 PEOPLE.

Statistics of Physicians and Population. Statistics about doctors, medical students and medical colleges have been prepared and published by the Journal of the American Medical Association. "There are approximately 125,000 licensed physicians in the United States, or one to each 637 inhabitants," says the report. "Last year there were about 81,852 medical students in all the states, or one for every 2,883 of population."

Prairie Dogs Favor Poison. Five thousand dollars' worth of poison has been fed to Kansas prairie dogs upon which they appear to flourish and fatten. The recent Legislature appropriated the money for the purchase of poison. Reports from west Kansas say these pests are destroying cattle ranges and multiplying by the thousands.

Kills Himself and Grandson. Mrs. Louise Nostz, 60 years old, of Astoria, L. I., killed herself and her grandson, Willie Colletti, 6 years old. She had stuffed the keyhole and other apertures in the room with papers and turned on the gas. Four years ago her husband committed suicide and this is believed to have affected her mind.

Race for the Pennant. Following is the standing of the clubs in the National League:

W. L.	
Pittsburgh	85 47 Boston
Philadelphia	77 56 New York
Brooklyn	77 58 Cincinnati
St. Louis	73 61 Chicago

Apologizes to His Town. Louis Stenbel, a baker, has published an apology to the citizens of Argentine, Kan., for uncomplimentary remarks made about the late President McKinley, and a mass meeting has withdrawn its threat to drive him from town.

Insurgents Kill Soldiers. Filipino insurgents surprised seventy-two men of Company C, Ninth Infantry, at breakfast, in province of Samar, P. I., killed forty-eight and wounded eleven. Capt. Connel and two other officers escaped.

Ghouls at McKinley Tomb. Guard at the McKinley tomb at Canton was attacked by midnight prowlers carrying packages supposed to have contained explosives, the intention being to destroy the vault. One soldier was stabbed while pursuing the marauders.

Pennant Won by Chicago. The American League season is at an end. Chicago is the champion, while Boston and Detroit get the second and third honors respectively.

Meat Death in Flood Trap. Thirteen men, prospecting for cinnabar along the Rio Grande river in Presidio County, Texas, were drowned in floods which swept away two camps.

Editor of the Interior Dead. Dr. William C. Gray, editor of the Interior and distinguished in councils of Presbyterian Church, died at his home in Oak Park.

Columbia Defeats Shamrock. Columbia defeated Shamrock in the first trial of the international yacht race for the America's cup.

Young Man's Frightful Fall. After a fall of 200 feet from a cliff near Meriden, Conn., and four hours' agonizing hanging by his ankles from the top of a tree, T. Charles Wilson was found and taken to a hospital in a hay wagon only to die of his terrible injuries. Vincent was 28 years old.

Quarrel Ends in Tragedy. At Georgetown, Ohio, Homer Fite shot and beat his wife until she died, and then shot himself to death. Mrs. Fite said he shot and beat her after a quarrel.

Czolgosz Sentenced to the Chair. Sentence of death by electrocution during the week beginning Oct. 28 was pronounced upon Czolgosz, and then the assassin of President McKinley was removed from Buffalo to Auburn State prison, where the sentence is to be carried out.

Dakota Has Small Tornado. A small tornado of wind, rain and snow passed through the western portion of Deuel County, S. D., doing great damage. A school house and numerous farm dwellings were blown down and many stacks were scattered and destroyed. Over two inches of rain fell.

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE EARTH

KIDNAPED FOR RANSOM.

Story of Capture of Miss Stone, American Missionary in Turkey.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is in receipt of information concerning the capture of Miss Stone, the American missionary, and one of her helpers by brigands in Turkey. The capture was made on the afternoon of Sept. 4, while Miss Stone and Mrs. Tailla, the wife of an Albanian preacher, were traveling with friends from Banko to Djumma. There were nearly twenty persons in the party, which was captured by the bandits in a narrow valley. The captives were compelled by the outlaws to ascend a mountain. The brigands were dressed like Turks, although they spoke Bulgarian. The next morning the two women were missing, and only a small guard remained, as the main body of bandits had decamped. The two women were released after four hours ransom the authorities learned of it, but the band had made good its escape. The American Board of Missions has notified the State Department at Washington that it has a representative in Constantinople who will arrange the price of ransom to be paid.

RACE RIOT IN TEXAS TOWN.

Negro Killed and Two Men Wounded at Somerville, Texas.

A race riot started at Somerville, Tex., Monday night about 10 o'clock and several hundred shots were fired before the negroes finally broke and fled. One negro, name unknown, is dead and two are seriously wounded. B. W. Long was hit in the left side and will probably die. J. O'Brien is wounded in the thigh. Gov. Sayers dispatched troops from Brenham, fourteen miles from Somerville, and a large number of armed citizens accompanied them. The negroes were over the employment of a negro brakeman by a railroad, the road paying no attention to warnings to discharge him. A train was fired on with the above results, the trainmen and their sympathizers returning the fire of the mob.

HARD TO INVADE NATAL.

Rivers Flooded and Lyttleton's Troops Ready to Meet Boats.

The moment for a serious invasion of Natal, in the plan has been in Commander General Botha's mind, has passed. Both the Buffalo and Tugela rivers are in flood, while Gen. Lyttleton's troops are sufficient to deal with the enemy should he elect to cross the border. It is thought probable that Botha's plan of seeking to threaten Natal was adopted to keep the minds of the burghers occupied, and so divert attention from the expiration of the term of grace allowed by Lord Kitchener's latest proclamation.

Admits Plot, but Is Not Believed.

Edward Sattig, who was arrested at St. Louis on a charge of petit larceny, told Chief of Detectives Desmond a circumstantial story of a plot to kill President McKinley, in which he, Leon Czolgosz and Frank Harrison, who is described as a New York anarchist, were the principals. Sattig said he was in Buffalo at the time of the assassination and aided Czolgosz in his preparations for the crime. Sattig's story is discredited.

Shoots His Wife; Cuts His Throat.

In a fashionable resort in Omaha R. P. Sleeper surprised his young bride and shot her three times while she reached across a couch. Harrison, who is a fitting climax, Sleeper emptied the remaining chambers of his six-shooter in a frenzied fusillade evidently without specific aim, and tossing his empty pistol aside, he gashed his own throat with a knife. The woman's wounds are fatal.

Ten Acres in Ashes.

Fire devastated an area of ten acres on the Northwest Side of Chicago, jumping the north branch of the Chicago river and sweeping a big coal yard, a group of iron works and a tannery, besides threatening the immense piles of hundreds of dwellers in cottages. A steamer moored in the river was also destroyed. The damage runs close to \$400,000.

Death in Fire Craze.

In a fire which destroyed the plant of Freund Brothers, varnish manufacturers, of Chicago, one fireman gave up his life for duty's sake, another is expected to die from injuries received, and several others were so badly injured that they will carry the scars for many months, if not always.

Nebraska Insane Asylum Burns.

The State Insane asylum and adjacent buildings at Norfolk, Neb., eight in all, were destroyed by fire. Six hundred patients were in the institutions at the time, three of whom are missing and supposed to have been burned to death. The loss is almost total.

Schley's Chief Counsel Dies.

The Schley chief of inquiry was brought to a sudden termination for the day eighteen minutes after convening Tuesday morning by the announcement of the sudden death of Judge Jeremiah Wilson, senior counsel for Admiral Schley.

Nebraska Lawns Found Valid.

Judge Smith McPherson of the federal court at Council Bluffs held unconstitutional the Nebraska law defining trusts and declaring combinations illegal, also the act intended to prevent insurance companies from combining and a third act fixing yardage rates at stock yards.

Professor Kills Student.

Passengers arriving at Springfield, Mo., on the "Frisco" St. Louis train report that a professor in the State School of Mines at Rolla, Mo., killed a girl student because of jealousy and then died, afterward killing himself when capture was imminent.

Grand Trunk Elevator Burned.

The Grand Trunk elevator at Point Edward, Ont., was destroyed by fire together with its contents, about 50,000 bushels of wheat. The origin of the fire was spontaneous combustion. The structure was valued at \$60,000.

Fatal Dispute Over Claim.

L. C. Bishop, superintendent of a mining company operating at Chica, Mont., shot and killed J. M. Cunningham, a miner, in a dispute over a claim.

Sampson Resigns His Post.

Admiral Sampson formally resigned his post as commander of the Charleston navy yard and departed for Fort Hamilton, N. Y., where he will visit a sister.

THE MARKETS

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.00 to \$3.65; hogs, shipping grades, \$4.25 to \$7.20; sheep, fair to choice, \$3.00 to \$3.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 68c to 69c; corn, No. 2, 50c to 51c; oats, No. 2, 34c to 36c; rye, No. 2, 55c to 56c; butter, choice creamery, 10c to 21c; eggs, fresh, 14c to 16c; potatoes, 20c to 70c per bushel.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$3.60; hogs, choice light, \$4.00 to \$7.00; sheep, common to prime, \$3.00 to \$3.50; wheat, No. 2, 68c to 70c; corn, No. 2, 50c to 51c; oats, No. 2, 34c to 36c.

Cincinnati—Cattle, \$3.00 to \$5.50; hogs, \$3.00 to \$7.20; sheep, \$3.00 to \$3.25; wheat, No. 2, 72c to 73c; corn, No. 2, 50c to 51c; oats, No. 2, 34c to 36c; rye, No. 2, 55c to 56c; butter, choice creamery, 10c to 21c; eggs, fresh, 14c to 16c; potatoes, 20c to 70c per bushel.

Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$5.25; hogs, \$3.00 to \$7.75; sheep, \$2.50 to \$3.75; wheat, No. 2, 72c to 73c; corn, No. 2, 50c to 51c; oats, No. 2, 34c to 36c; rye, No. 2, 55c to 56c; butter, choice creamery, 10c to 21c; eggs, fresh, 14c to 16c; potatoes, 20c to 70c per bushel.

Toledo—Wheat, No. 2, mixed, 70c to 72c; corn, No. 2, mixed, 58c to 60c; oats, No. 2, 34c to 36c; rye, No. 2, 55c to 56c; butter, choice creamery, 10c to 21c; eggs, fresh, 14c to 16c; potatoes, 20c to 70c per bushel.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2, northern, 68c to 69c; corn, No. 3, 50c to 51c; oats, No. 2, 34c to 36c; rye, No. 2, 55c to 56c; butter, choice creamery, 10c to 21c; eggs, fresh, 14c to 16c; potatoes, 20c to 70c per bushel.

Buffalo—Cattle, choice shipping steers, \$3.00 to \$5.90; hogs, fair to prime, \$3.40 to \$7.25; sheep, fair to choice, \$4.50 to \$4.00; lamb, common to choice, \$4.50 to \$5.40.

New York—Cattle, \$3.75 to \$5.40; hogs, \$3.00 to \$7.70; sheep, \$2.50 to \$3.75; wheat, No. 2, 72c to 73c; corn, No. 2, 50c to 51c; oats, No. 2, 34c to 36c; rye, No. 2, 55c to 56c; butter, choice creamery, 10c to 21c; eggs, fresh, 14c to 16c; potatoes, 20c to 70c per bushel.

TRAIN PLUNGES INTO A CANYON.

One Killed and Eighteen Injured in an Accident in Colorado.

A runaway freight train on the dreaded Kenosha Hill, on the South Park Railway, in Colorado, caused the death of one man and injured eighteen employees of the railway. As the train crossed the crest for the plunge down the spiral descending into Platte canyon the brakes failed to work and the emergency call for hand brakes startled the crew and employees. Instantly the brakemen and employees were scrambling for the brakes, as they knew their lives depended on quick action. In the meantime the train had gained a terrific impetus and at Sister creek, where the men could look straight down at the town of Webster, the train flew the track. The engine pitched down 300 feet into the gulch.

CONTEST OF 870 THIRD COUSINS.

Peculiar Will of a New York Man Leads to Fight Over Estate.

A remarkable case is on trial in a special term of the Supreme Court in Herkimer, N. Y. Mezzo Shaul died and left \$21,000 to be divided between those related to him as "third cousins." In his will he wrote: "By the term third cousins I mean the children of those persons who are related to me as cousins." At least 870 persons from all parts of the United States are asking for shares in the estate. They are represented by forty-three attorneys. The cousins are divided into four classes, and the court will be called upon to decide which class is entitled to the children of the estate remaining after costs are paid.

TWO NEW BOATS FOR NAVY.

Destroyer-Nicholson and Submarine-Vessels For the Navy.

The torpedo boat destroyer Nicholson of the United States navy and the Holland submarine boat Porpoise have been launched at the Nixon shipyards at Elizabethport, N. J. The Nicholson is of the same class as the O'Brien, launched a few weeks ago at the same yard. She is expected to develop upward of twenty-six knots, and is powerfully built. The Porpoise is of the type of boats which the Holland company is building for the government.

Throws Boys from the Train.

B. L. Prentiss, a Chicago business man, for the third time attempted to steal his two boys away from his wife at Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Prentiss, who is a widow, after they were on the train bound for Chicago. She climbed into the car and threw them to the ground, jumping from the train herself after it had started. All three were slightly hurt.

Czolgosz Found Guilty.

Assassin Czolgosz has been declared guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death in the electric chair. The trial at Buffalo ended with the second day's proceedings. The jury was out thirty-six minutes, but most of this time was allowed to elapse simply for the sake of appearances.

Nine Reds at Liberty.

Because the prosecution could obtain no legal evidence of guilt against the nine Chicago anarchists who have been held on a charge of conspiring to kill President McKinley, Judge Chetlain ordered them discharged.

Killed for His Money.

Orrville D. Moses, a wealthy resident of Malden, Mass., was found dead in the Back Bay fens of Boston. It is believed by the police that he was murdered. Considerable money he had in his possession is missing.

Big Horn Stage Robbed.

A man supposed to be Neils Lippacott held up and robbed the Sheridan-Big Horn stage near Big Horn, Wyo. Sheriff Nelson of Sheridan took the trail with a posse and captured Lippacott in the eastern part of Sheridan County.

First Trial of Finks.

First trial between Columbia and Shamrock for America's cup, on Thursday, was a fiasco owing to neither yacht being able to finish within the time limit. The Columbia finished ahead.

Water System for Hawaii.

Chicago capitalists are negotiating for a 99-year license to build a water system on the island of Hawaii and sell the water for irrigation, domestic and power uses.

HIG STEAMER IN PERIL.

With Rudder Gone, and Storm Raging, Passengers' Trust in Providence.

The steamer Oregon is safe, but its improvised rudder, broken propeller and carcass passengers tell the story of ten days of peril. A city of tents one week, it was a city of substantial frame dwellings the next, with stores and schools and churches and banks, and with business enough to keep every one on the jump for twelve hours out of each twenty-four. From a couple of acres square the townsite has "slopped over" in every direction, until now some of its principal streets are nearly two miles in length. It doesn't matter that the houses have been run up without chimneys. Bricks are scarce in Lawton, and in that climate chimneys are not needed before December, and by that time the railroad will have deposited bricks enough to give each of the 800 houses now standing a chimney.

When the site of Lawton was first selected a ranchman who thought he knew the country pretty well shook his head and prophesied that the town never would amount to anything. There's nothing but a support to town, till they're up and blow away," was his prediction. There were others who thought as he did. But these pessimists are shown to have been mistaken. Lawton is destined to become the center of a prosperous district whose mineral and agricultural resources will support it and keep it growing for many years.

RUN BURNING SHIP ASHORE.

Crew of Federal Narrowly Escaped, with Boat's Total Loss.

The wooden steamer Fedora, without cargo, bound from Duluth to Ashland, Wis., to load iron ore, caught fire when off-Bass Island, and became a total loss. Her crew of seventeen men escaped, although they lost all of their clothing and the steamer's original lamp. The flames spread over the entire ship so fast that the crew were unable to do anything with the fire pumps, as the engine room was a mass of flames. The steamer was headed for the shore in a race to get to the beach. Land was finally reached five miles north of Bayhead and the crew escaped from the burning wreck in their clothing they had on. Captain F. A. Fick commanded the steamer and he lost a collection of brace-brace valued at several thousand dollars. After the Fedora struck the beach she was burned to the water's edge.

THREATEN TRAIN FOR GAIN.

Blackmailers Arrested by Burlington Officials at Meeting Place.

A few days ago Superintendent Hohl of the Burlington route at Platte City, Mo., received a letter, unsigned, mailed at Waldron, Mo., demanding of the Burlington \$4,000 be deposited by a light on the public road below Waldron, or the tracks would be blown up with dynamite. Superintendent Hohl, Detective McMichael and Sheriff Elgin of Platte County went to the place at the appointed time and captured John and James Sanderson, one of whom has confessed, implicating his brother. They were taken to Platte City and are now in jail awaiting a preliminary examination.

Negro Is Saved from a Mob.

John Hurt, a negro, who attacked Mrs. De Wilda Hale at Edgar, Neb., and who was captured after being shot three times, was landed in the county jail at Clay Center, Neb. A mob gathered around the jail at Edgar the previous night and made an attempt to get at the man. A brother of the negro made an appeal to the mob to allow the law to take its course, and it dispersed.

Cable Company Incorporated.

To complete the cable link in a group of cable systems which then will straddle the globe and to gain cable connection with our new possessions in the Pacific are the announced objects of the new cable company incorporated in Albany with a preliminary capital of \$100,000. John W. Mackey is at the head of the project.

Farm Firemen Injured.

Four firemen were injured in a fire in the Johnson, Chas. Company's factory in Chicago. The inflammable material stored in the building made the fire a hard one to fight, but after nearly two hours' work it was under control. The loss is placed at \$75,000, fully insured.

Watch Stopped the Bullet.

John Hill, night agent of the West Shore Railroad at Marlboro, N. Y., was held up and robbed in the railroad yard by four masked men, one of whom shot at him. The bullet struck a silver watch in his upper left-hand vest pocket, directly over the heart, and Hill was not hurt.

Ten Millions Are Homeless.

"There are ten millions homeless in the Yangtze districts," says a dispatch from Shanghai, "owing to the recent floods, which have not yet subsided. More than 10,000,000 persons are homeless. It is feared the distress will promote civil disorder during the coming winter."

Shift Moved Seven Inches.

The New Street mine of the Anconada Company at Butte, Mont., was compelled to close down because of the general sinking of the earth which has disturbed Butte for several years. The shaft of the mine and the engine foundations are displaced seven inches.

Bank Cashier Is Indicted.

Charles T. Officer, son of the late Thomas Officer and cashier of the defunct private bank of Officer & Pusey at Council Bluffs, now in receiver's hands, has been indicted on the charge of fraudulent banking.

Adopt United States Date.

The Canadian government, which a few years ago abandoned the practice of observing the national Thanksgiving on the same day as the United States, has just appointed the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving day throughout Canada.

Cincinnati Business Man Killed.

J. J. Sullivan, a prominent business man and member of the Cincinnati Board of Equalization, was caught between a bridge and a street car near St. Bernard, Ohio, and instantly killed.

Blow to a Doctor.

George Johnson, colored, aged 37, of Brooklyn, died from the effects of a blow on the point of the jaw, received in a friendly bout with Tommy West, the welterweight pugilist.

City Treasurer Commits Suicide.

Illness and despondency caused Edward G. Jay, city treasurer of Elk Point, S. D., to commit suicide by taking poison.

John C. Nicolay Is Dead.

John George Nicolay, private secretary to President Lincoln, died in Washington, aged 70.

GREW UP IN A NIGHT

LAWTON NOW A BUSTLING CITY OF THOUSANDS.

The Wonderful Town on the Plains of Oklahoma Probably Has No Parallel in the History of the United States.

There is nothing in the history of the country that will bear comparison with the wonderful city of Lawton (named in honor of the brave American general who was killed in the Philippines) that a few weeks ago sprang into existence over night on the plains of Oklahoma. A desert one day, it was a city of tents the next, with a hustling, bustling population of thousands. A city of tents one week, it was a city of substantial frame dwellings the next, with stores and schools and churches and banks, and with business enough to keep every one on the jump for twelve hours out of each twenty-four. From a couple of acres square the townsite has "slopped over" in every direction, until now some of its principal streets are nearly two miles in length. It doesn't matter that the houses have been run up without chimneys. Bricks are scarce in Lawton, and in that climate chimneys are not needed before December, and by that time the railroad will have deposited bricks enough to give each of the 800 houses now standing a chimney.

When the site of Lawton was first selected a ranchman who thought he knew the country pretty well shook his head and prophesied that the town never would amount to anything. There's nothing but a support to town, till they're up and blow away," was his prediction. There were others who thought as he did. But these pessimists are shown to have been mistaken. Lawton is destined to become the center of a prosperous district whose mineral and agricultural resources will support it and keep it growing for many years.

There can be no doubt that Lawton is the biggest city of its age in the world, or that Comanche County, of which it is the county seat, with its 2,700 square miles of farm and pasture lands, is the home of the busiest, most energetic and progressive community to be found to-day in all the South. The opening of the country to settlement was an improvement on any opening of new territory by Uncle Sam. The money from the sales of town lots is to be used for the benefit of all the people. The rent of the school land is a perpetual fund to run the schools. To the extent that it goes, the money is to be used for the benefit of the people. For several years there need be no taxes for public improvements, and there need be no school tax as long as the rent will cover the school expenses.

The most exaggerated business condition of the new town is the fact that eighty-six saloons have been applied for. It is estimated that a dozen would supply all demands. The development of the Lawton postoffice is said to be without a parallel. On Aug. 9 Postoffice Inspector Hosford of Wichita, Kan., opened the postoffice in a small tent and was in charge for a few days. Upon the arrival of T. J. White, the new postmaster, from Arkansas City, Kan., the office was turned over to him and his bond was raised to \$500. In three weeks his bond was raised to \$500. With a deputy postmaster and twelve clerks it is all that he can do to keep up with the business. The business now equals that of a first-class office.

The next largest development is the banking business. Prominent among these is the First National Bank, which opened in a tent Aug. 6. Its deposits now amount to over \$300,000. The City National Bank started the same day, has deposits of \$300,000. Two other banks have been started during the past two weeks—the Citizens Bank of Lawton and the Citizens State Bank. All these banks are now in their temporary frame buildings. The postoffice has moved into a larger building adjoining the First National Bank. And as an evidence of the desire of the people of Lawton to build well from the start, it may be said that plans for a \$500,000 hotel are being considered, and that efforts are being made to secure the establishment there of the Southwestern Normal School.

CZOLGOSZ IN COLLAPSE.

Upon Arrival at Auburn Prison He Falls on the Floor Moaning.

Czolgosz, President McKinley's murderer, arrived under heavy guard at Auburn prison Thursday night. In going the fifty yards from the train to the prison, Czolgosz's legs gave out either from fear of the crowd or from sight of the prison, and he fell on his face. He was helped to his feet by a guard and carried to the prison. Inside the gate his condition became worse and he was dragged up the stairs and into the main hall. He was placed in a sitting posture on the bench while the handcuffs were being removed, but he fell over and moaned and groined, evincing the most abject terror.

TO BAR OUT ANARCHISTS.

President Roosevelt Will Deal with the Question in His Message.

A Washington correspondent says it is quite certain that one of the most important points in President Roosevelt's coming message to Congress will deal with the suppression and prevention of anarchy, and that he will urge upon Congress a revision of the immigration laws so as to provide for the exclusion from this country of anarchists, nihilists and others of great violence. He may also urge the enactment of a federal statute penalizing an assault upon the President, and punishing with death, no matter where committed, such crime, if the assault should prove fatal. Such legislation might be broadened so as to stamp out anarchy by proclaiming the crime a conspiracy against the government and providing punishment for the preaching and practicing of it. President Roosevelt talked the other day with Commissioner of Immigration Powderly on the subject of keeping anarchists out of this country and is gathering information about the different plans for revising the immigration laws, so as to prevent the landing of the undesirable classes. His recommendation to Congress will undoubtedly take the usual form of suggesting legislation and allowing Congress and the executive department interested to draft the laws, but the bill that is introduced this winter will have the full approval of the President before it is brought to the attention of Congress.

Commissioner Powderly's Plan, When Approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, Will Be Submitted to the President and Will Probably Form the Groundwork for the Bill to Be Introduced in Congress.

Both the Treasury Department and the department of Justice are interested in the suppression of anarchy and will aid the President in securing such legislation against anarchy as will be effective.

Telegraphic Brevities.

Big forest fires in Denver and Wyoming.

Broom corn jumped from \$95 to \$130 a ton.

Marie Stevenson, 17, New York, is missing.

A new \$10 counterfeit treasury note has been found.

Secretary of State J. L. Power, Mississippi, died of pneumonia.

Strike of longshoremen, New Orleans, is off. Increase was granted.

All Cuban political parties will endorse Palma for President, it is said.

The national monument to President McKinley will be erected at Canton.

Morgan syndicate paid \$2,000,000 for mines in the Clarksville, Va., district.

Garrett Nugent, New York embassador, was arrested in Memphis, Tenn.

Emma Goldman says she will lecture in Chicago before she leaves, but if she is wise she will do it before and with the Frank family for an audience.

ences and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address, Mary

The Avalanche.

THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 1901.

LOCAL ITEMS.

TAKE NOTICE.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are one dollar per year in advance. If your time is up please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

Ladies Cloaks and Jackets at Kramer Bros.

A. L. Pond has put a furnace in the basement of his residence.

For Doors, Sash, Glass and Putty go to A. Kraus.

Dr. Insley's home will be heated by a furnace this winter.

Special bargains in the Shoe Department, at Kramer Bros.

F. Burgess has built a fine barn in the rear of the market.

Stationary, Tobacco and Cigars at Jensen's, next to the Opera House.

Alabama in all colors, for sale by Albert Kraus.

H. Ward has completed the repairs on the mill at Frederic, and it is now running full time.

For up to date made to order clothes, call at Blumenthal & Baumgart's.

A farmer's institute will be held at Mio, Oscoda county, Oct. 29th and 30th.

If you want the best Sewing Machine buy the Singer. Sold on easy payments by A. Kraus.

Miss Laura Simpson started for the Normal School at Mt. Pleasant last Monday.

There will be a meeting of the Goodfellowship Circle at the home of Mrs. Trombley, Monday eve, Oct. 7. Bourn—On the 26th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. C. Manning, of Beaver Creek, a son, weight 12 pounds.

John Love, of Beaver Creek, lost a valuable horse last week. Too much clover.

R. Hanson and family returned from their visit to the Pan-American, last week.

Sam Phelps, Jr., is spending this week in Lansing, and next week will go to Washington, D. C.

Geo. L. Alexander was in attendance at the Circuit in Gaylord, last week.

For sprains, swellings and lameness is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Try it. For sale by L. Fournier.

Miss Jennie Ingly has returned from a month's visit in Canada. She was visiting in Grand Rapids on her way home.

For Sale.—An undivided one-half interest in the store on Main street known as the Rose and Woodworth building. Mrs. Arthur Evans.

Charles Amidon is building a saw to run the engine, boiler and machinery down to section 1, T. 26 N., R. 1 W., for J. Redhead's mill.

J. Redhead, of Roscommon, is going to put in a shingle mill at Bear Lake, in Maple Forest, to cut the stock of Salling, Hanson & Co.

A Mr. Warrant, of Saginaw, was in town Tuesday, in the interest of the News, trying to increase its circulation in this locality.

Myers & Lempe is a new firm at Lewiston, Dry Goods, Clothing, &c. It is a combination of R. Meyer of Grayling, and Lempe of Frederic.

Work has been resumed at the salt well. There is some trouble with the pump which has to be rectified before results will be known.

The receipts of the Grayling post-office, last year were \$3,101.00, being an increase over the year before of \$405.00.

For School Books, Tablets, Slates, Pens, Pencils, School Bags, Inks, in fact everything in the line of school supplies, call at Fournier's Drug Store.

Detroit White Lead Works Paints and Varnishes, guaranteed the best in the market, at A. Kraus.

It is a good thing to have a flag man on the passenger trains. Dell can stop them from the coach without a signal. A new style of wearing the red flag at reunions.

David Trotter of Toledo was a welcome caller in town Saturday, shaking hands with old friends. He looks as natural as though he had not been away.

T. W. Hanson, of the Hanson Lumber Co., met with a very painful accident at his mill yesterday. He was standing in front of one of the boilers when a stop cock blew out, hitting his face with scalding steam and sand. His face and eyes were filled with particles of sand, but fortunately he escaped serious injury. Dr. Curnutt attended him and he is doing nicely.—Roscommon News.

Frank Barber, of Beaver Creek was in town one day last week, and talks satisfactorily of the crops on the farm.

N. P. Salling, of Anderson, is reported to be quite sick, and has been from the time he was here on a visit a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Sirois, of Quebec, is the guest of her brother, L. Fournier. It is her first visit to Grayling, and she is gratified with the pleasant appearance of our village.

R. Myer's sold his residence to M. Hanson, last week, and he transferred the property to Mr. Baumgart of the firm of Blumenthal & Baumgart.

There are advertised letters in the Grayling post-office for the following parties: Josiah Tompkins, 2; L. C. Clark; Miss Carrie Day and Albert Dyer.

Mrs. Joseph Charron, of Maple Forest, had the misfortune a few days ago, of slipping, as she was going down the cellar stairs, and fracturing one limb above the knee.

The Women's Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, will meet at the home of Mrs. J. C. Hanson, to-morrow [Friday] afternoon at the usual hour.

A card from Prof. Bailey states that the State Teachers Institute which opens in that village to-day, will be one of the most interesting ever held in Northern Michigan.

Judge Gordon, of Midland, was a welcome caller at our sanctum last Tuesday. He was en-route to Frederic, where he addressed a large meeting of Republicans that evening.

H. Joseph has returned from New York, and Mrs. Joseph from her visit in Detroit. From the way the goods are following him would make one think he had made a big hole in the stock in that city.

A cement sidewalk now surrounds the Court House at Gaylord, and the citizens of that village are putting down cement walks and crossings wherever needed. Gaylord is getting to the front in fine style.

Judge M. J. Conine came up from Oscoda, Tuesday, to defend a suit in Justice McElroy's court between Vallad and Robinson of Maple Forest. It gave many of his old time friends a chance to shake hands.

Rev. J. J. Willits, of Frederic, is made chairman of the north subdivision of the conference of the Protestant Methodist Church. He will remain at Frederic. Grayling is to be supplied.

When you cannot sleep for coughing it is hardly necessary that any one should tell you that you need a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to allay the irritation of the throat, and make sleep possible. It is good. Try it. For sale by L. Fournier.

Charlie, the ladies here are all down on you on account of the kisses received at the reunion. We hope your wife will not get the whole story, as we always regret family rows.

E. J. McDonald has been at his Canadian home for a couple of months, but after the visit was glad to come back to the best county in the state. He will accept a place with the big Ward mill, northeast of Frederic.

A new remedy for biliousness is now on sale at Fournier's Drug Store. It is called Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. It gives quick relief and will prevent the attack if given as soon as the first indication of the disease appears. Price 25c per box. Samples free.

The continued popularity and success of our school is emphasized by the increased attendance as shown by the following enrollment for this term: 1st grade, 76; 2d, 41; 3d, 29; 4th, 41; 5th, 44; 6th and 7th, 58; high school, 41; total, 330.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Sparks returned on Tuesday morning from a ten day's visit with friends and relatives in Detroit. While there they took in the State Fair at Pontiac, and were well pleased with the display of the products of the State and the many attractions provided by the management.

Mrs. H. E. Hillier, of Bay City, will be here Oct. 15th with a full line of up-to-date Millinery, which she will be glad to show to the ladies of Grayling, at the residence of Mrs. T. A. Carney. There will be a full line of Fall and Winter Hats, trimmed and untrimmed, and prices will be right. As she comes anticipating a permanent residence, she hopes for a share of patronage.

A Fiendish Attack.

An attack was lately made on C. F. Collier of Choroche, Iowa, that nearly proved fatal. It came through his kidneys. His back got so lame he could not stoop without great pain, nor sit in a chair except being propped up by cushions. No remedy helped him until he tried Electric Bitters, which effected such a wonderful change that he writes he feels like a new man. This marvelous medicine cures backache and kidney trouble, purifies the blood and builds up your health. Only 50c, at Fournier's Drug Store.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Supervisors for the County of Crawford will hold their annual session at the County Clerk's office, in the village of Grayling, on Monday, the 14th day of October, 1901.

J. J. COLLEEN,
County Clerk.

What's Your Face Worth?

Sometimes a fortune, but never if you have a sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, all signs of liver trouble. But Dr. King's new Life Pills give clear skin, rosy cheeks and rich complexion. Only 25c at Fournier's Drug Store.

Horse Astray.

The undersigned has lost a fine saddle horse from his farm at Houghton Lake. When last seen had the saddle on. The animal is gray, weighs about 1,000 pounds, and has anchor brand on front shoulder. I will give \$25.00 for his return.

N. MICHELSON,
Grayling, Mich.

Tot causes Night Alarm.

"One night my brothers baby was taken with croup," writes Mrs. J. C. Snider, of Cridenden, Ky., "it seemed it would strangle before we could get a doctor, so we gave it Dr. King's New Discovery, which gave quick relief and permanently cured it. We always keep it in the house to protect our children from croup and whooping cough. It cured me of a chronic bronchial trouble that no other remedy would relieve." Infallible for coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Fournier's Drug Store.

Public Notice.

The farmers of Crawford County are hereby notified that Theodore J. J. State organizer of the Grange, will be in Grayling, Saturday, October 10th, at 2 o'clock p. m., to organize a Grange as an order of the Patrons of Husbandry. Every one interested in the future of Crawford County and in agriculture should be there. All over 14 years of age are eligible to membership. This invitation is general.

I will be there and attend to the details.

PERRY OSTRANDER.

Women and Jewels.

Jewels, candy, flowers, man—that is the order of a woman's preferences. Jewels form a magnet of mighty power to the average woman. Even that greatest of all jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to make or save the money to purchase them. If a woman will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Roschke's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive the dreaded disease from the system. It is not a cure all, but it is a certain cure for coughs, colds, and all bronchial troubles. You can get Dr. Green's reliable remedies at Fournier's Drug Store. Get one of Green's Special Almanachs.

Walmar Jorgensen says we were wrong in our statement of his keeping his store open last Thursday, that he was not open during the forenoon and only opened a part of the afternoon to accommodate some people from a long distance in the country, who come here not knowing of the observance of the day. We are glad to give the statement as we had no wish to do him an injury, and are very glad to know that he was not open for the purpose of defying public sentiment, or for the sake of trade, but only for the accommodation of innocent parties.

It happened in a Drug Store.

"One day last winter a lady came to my drug store and asked for a brand of cough medicine that I did not have in stock," says Mr. C. T. Grandin, the popular druggist of Ontario, N. Y. "She was disappointed and wanted to know what cough medicine I could recommend. I said to her that I could freely recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and that she could take a bottle of the remedy and after giving it at a fair trial if she did not find it worth the money to bring back the bottle and I would refund the price paid. In the course of a day or two the lady came back in company with a friend in need of a cough remedy and advised her to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I consider that a very good recommendation for the remedy." It is for sale by L. Fournier.

At the last regular meeting of the O. E. S. the following officers were elected for 1901-1902:

Worthy Matron—Mary Leese.
Asso. Matron—Eva Comer.
Worthy Patron—George Comer.
Secretary—Elita Coventry.
Treasurer—Clarissa Taylor.
Conductress—Martha Douglas.
Asso. Conductress—E. Trumley.
Chaplain—Mary Knight.
Aid—Delith Coventry.
Ruth Ellen Woodburn.
Esther—Libby Bates.
Martha—Mary Conine.
Electa—Rose Forbes.
Warder—John Leese.
Sentinel—Henry Trimley.
Organist—Alice Osborne.

School Books!

Fournier's Drug Store

Is headquarters for Schoolbooks, Tablets, Slates, Pens, Pencils, School Bags, Inks, etc., including everything in the line of School Supplies. The finest line of Tablets ever brought to Grayling.

LUCIEN FOURNIER,

Druggist, Grayling, Mich.

Photographs

That pleases, At The

IMPERIAL ART STUDIO,

Grayling, Michigan.

Get my prices on Picture Frames. Portraits enlarged in Crayon, India Ink, Pastel, Water Color and Oil.

J. W. SORENSON.

Furniture and Carpets.

UNDERTAKER.

GRAYLING, MICH.

For Sale.

For sale, 80 acres of land, one half mile from Grayling, fenced and in good pasture. Will be sold cheap. Enquire at this office or of F. H. Bradley, Grayling, Michigan.

Teachers Examination.

An examination for teachers will be held in the C. A. R. hall, Oct. 17th and 18th, beginning promptly at 8 o'clock, a. m.

ETTA COVENTRY.

Com'r of Schools.

Milinery Opening.

Miss Movia, of Lansing, has returned, and with Mrs. Woodworth will be pleased to show the ladies of Grayling and vicinity fall and winter hats, on Thursday, Oct. 24.

When you have no appetite, do not resist your food and feel dull after eating, you may know that you need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price 25c. Samples free at Fournier's Drug Store.

W. B. FLYNN, Dentist
WEST BRANCH, MICH.

Will make regular trips to Grayling the 10th of each month, remaining for three days. Office with Dr. Insley.

C. C. WESCOTT
DENTIST.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

Office—Over Alexander's law office, on Michigan Avenue.
Office hours—8 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 6 p. m.

Notice for Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
Land Office at Marquette, Mich.,
Aug. 21st, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 24, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of Aug. 4th, 1892, Ira H. Richardson, of Roscommon county, of Roscommon, State of Michigan, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 402, for the purchase of the NW 1-1 of section 6, in township No. 26, N. R. 1 W., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Marquette, Mich., on Wednesday, the 13th day of November, 1901. He names as witnesses: Geo. A. Pearson, Ernest P. Richardson, James M. Nowlin, William Penecock, all of Roscommon, Mich.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are hereby notified to file their claims in this office on or before said 13th day of November, 1901.

THOMAS SCADDEN,
REGISTER.

sep5-11w

TO OUR READERS.

Here is the Greatest Bargain We Have Ever Offered you.

The Crawford Avalanche.

—AND—
The Twice-a-Week Detroit Free Press.

BOTH PAPERS ONE YEAR

FOR ONLY \$1.65.

The "Twice-a-Week Free Press" is conceded by all to be Michigan's leading newspaper. Remember that by taking advantage of this combination you get 52 copies of the "Crawford Avalanche" and 104 copies of the Free Press.

Notice of Foreclosure.

Default having been made in the conditions for payment of a certain mortgage made by Victoria McCullough, wife of William McCullough, of Grayling, Michigan, to the National Loan and Investment Company, of Detroit, Michigan, dated the 1st day of October, 1890, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Crawford County, Michigan, in Liber D of Mortgages, on Page 270, on the 9th day of October, A. D. 1901, in which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of eight hundred forty four dollars and ninety cents (\$844.90) and an attorney fee of Twenty-five (25) Dollars provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding at law or in equity having been instituted for the recovery of said amount or any part thereof, or for the foreclosure of said mortgage and said mortgage hereby electing to declare the whole amount due and payable at once.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will sell the premises described in said mortgage at public auction, or vendue to the highest bidder therefor, at the front door of the Grand Army Hall, in the Village of Grayling, Crawford County, Michigan, (that being the place for holding the Circuit Court for said County) on the 19th day of October, A. D. 1901, at Ten o'clock (10:00) in the forenoon of said day, or so much of said premises as shall be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage and all legal costs on the date of sale, together with said attorney fee as counted therein. Said premises are described as follows: Lot Eight (8) of Block Fifteen (15), of the Village of Grayling, Crawford County, Michigan, according to the recorded plat thereof.

Dated July 24th, A. D. 1901.
THOMAS SCADDEN, J. J. ALEXANDER, ATT'Y. for Mortgagee.

July 25th 1901

Mortgage Sale.

Whereas default has been made in the conditions of payment of a certain mortgage, bearing date the twenty-first day of February, A. D. 1895, made and executed by Walter W. Metcalf and Julia Metcalf, his wife, of Bay City, Bay County, Mich., to James Tierney of the same place, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Crawford County, Michigan, on the twenty-third day of February, A. D. 1895, in Liber E of Mortgages, on pages 468 and 469, said default consisting in the failure of the said mortgagor to pay or cause to be paid the amount secured by the said mortgage when and as the same became due and payable, and such default still continuing, and there being now due and payable on said mortgage and on the note secured thereby the sum of two hundred and sixty-six and eighty-four hundredths dollars (\$266.84) to which is to be added an attorney fee as provided by law, and no proceeding at law or in chancery having been instituted for the recovery of said sum of money or any part thereof, and whereas by the terms of said mortgage it is expressly provided that on failure of the said mortgagor to pay the amount secured by the said mortgage when and as the same became due and payable, then and in such case the mortgagee might and he was expressly empowered by the terms of said mortgage to foreclose the same by advertisement:

Now therefore, in pursuance of the power of sale aforesaid and of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that I will sell at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder the premises described in and covered by the said mortgage at the front door of the Court House in the village of Grayling, County of Crawford, State of Michigan, that being the building in which the Circuit Court for the County of Crawford is held, on the 17th day of December, A. D. 1901, at the hour of eleven o'clock of said day.

The premises described in and covered by the said mortgage are situated in the village of Grayling, County of Crawford, State of Michigan, and are described as follows, to wit: Lots one (1), two (2) and eleven (11) and twelve (12) of Block thirteen (13) of Hadley's second addition to the village of Grayling, according to the recorded plat thereof.

Dated September 9th, 1901.
JAMES TIERNEY, MORTGAGEE.
T. A. E. & J. C. WEAVER, Attorneys for Mortgagee.
Business Address: Crapo Block, Bay City, Mich.
sep19-13w

Blumenthal

—AND—

Baumgart,

==THE BIG==

One Price For All Store

A Word to the Wise!

Why pay a middleman's profit if you can buy your goods right from manufacturer and jobber. We manufacture and job most of our goods at No. 199 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich., and therefore can save you 25 per cent on every thing you buy of us, as we have the largest and best assorted stock in town. Read a few of our prices below:

Black Mercerized Petticoats, former price \$1.50, at \$1.00.
Blue and pink—Mercerized Petticoats, former price \$1.50, at \$1.50.
Children's Jackets, all new goods, from \$1.00 up.
Men's Pants, \$1.25 value, at 75c.
Men's heavy fleeced Underwear, 50c value, at 37 1-2c.
Men's all wool Underwear, \$1.00 value, at 75c.
Men's heavy Jersey Over Shirts, 50c value, at 37 1-2c.
Men's heavy Working Shirts, 50c value, at 37 1-2c.
Men's and Boys' Cotton Sweaters, 50c value, at 37 1-2c.
Men's all wool Kersey Pants, \$2.35 value, at \$1.50.
Men's all wool Kersey Pants, \$2.00 value, at \$1.25.
Men's Black Cape Mackintoshes, \$1.50 value, at \$1.10.
Ladies' Button Ribbed Underwear, 25c value, at 15c.
Ladies' Corsets in the latest styles, \$1.00 value, at 75c.
Ladies' Corsets in the latest styles, 75c value, at 39c.
Ladies' all wool Mackintoshes, \$5.00 value, at \$3.00.
Ladies' Dress Skirts in Black, \$7.00 value, at \$5.00.
Ladies' Dress Skirts in Black, \$5.00 value, at \$3.50.
Ladies' Dress Skirts in Black, \$2.50 value, at \$1.50.
Ladies' Dongola and Kid Shoes, \$1.25 value, 59c.

Ladies, it will pay you to look over our new stock of Ladies' Shoes in ideal kids and patent leather, in welts and hand turns.

Take notice that we have added a Merchant Tailoring Department to our establishment. We will make suits from \$18.00 up. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. Give us a call.

Respectfully Yours

BLUMENTHAL & BAUMGART.

Advertisers of Facts.

The One Price for All Store. Grayling, Mich.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Those seeking good and reliable Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoes are sure to experience satisfaction in trading with us.

Nothing of doubtful or inferior quality can have a place in our store.

We have just received a full and up-to-date line of Dress Goods, and invite every one to give us a call. Prices are comparatively lowest here.

Depend upon getting here what you want; you are only paying what you should.

Truly it may be said this is "The Satisfaction Store."

Respectfully

A. KRAUS & SON.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

IF YOU WANT

A "HARRISON WAGON,"
"The Best On Wheels,"
—OR A—
CLIPPER PLOW, or a
GALE PLOW, or a
HARROW, (Spike, Spring or Wheel.)
CULTIVATOR or WHEEL HOE,
Or Any Implement Made

A CHAMPION BINDER,
Or MOWER, DAISY HAY RAKE,
Or Any Style of CARRIAGE,

Call at the Warehouse in rear of Avalanche Office

O. PALMER.

NEW PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES

Career and Characteristics of Theodore Roosevelt—His Public Career—Happy Domestic Life.



NEW HEAD OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

Theodore Roosevelt, who became President of the United States upon the death of William McKinley, Sept. 14, 1901.

UNLIKE the deaths of Lincoln and Garfield, the passing of President McKinley brings to the White House a man whose characteristics are known to the people. When Lincoln fell the reins of government passed to hands ill-fitted to handle them. Johnson's administration was a national scandal. When the last spark of life was extinguished at Elberon on



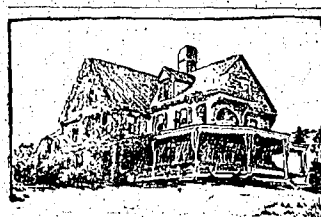
MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The new mistress of the White House, formerly Miss Carow, of New York.

that mid-September day of 1891, and the nation mourned for Garfield, there came to the Presidency a man hitherto known only as a politician.

Theodore Roosevelt is already well known; he has been in the public eye in civil and military capacities and has demonstrated the possession of the executive ability, as well as of solidly characteristics. That he will be equal to the requirements of statesmanship demanded of a President his admirers seem positive. Roosevelt comes of distinguished ancestry. Away back, as the eighteenth century was dawning, one of his forefathers was an Alderman of New York, then an honorable position, and many and varied have been the offices which others filled. His grandfather was a Supreme Court Justice and Congressman. His father, Theodore Roosevelt, was a leading merchant, a philanthropist and a strong advocate of outdoor life. Theodore was born in the metropolis in 1858, and is the youngest man who has ever sat in the White House. Grant, the second youngest, being 47 when sworn in. His boyhood and early manhood were spent amid such surroundings as wealth, social position and high political association would bring to a family. He went through the best preparatory schools, graduated at Harvard in 1880 and left college esteemed not only for his learning, but also for his ability as a boxer. Then he studied law with his uncle, ever at that time being possessed of the determination to eventually engage in "the work of government." Long before he was admitted to the bar, he saw a chance to

become a Republican leader. In 1883 he made a campaign for the Speakership, but failed. In 1884 he went to the Republican National Convention, as a delegate, in George F. Edmunds' behalf. In 1886 he was the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York, and was defeated by 22,000 votes. In 1889 he was appointed a member of the United States Civil Service Commission by President Harrison.



ROOSEVELT HOME AT OYSTER BAY.

He became a Republican leader. In 1883 he made a campaign for the Speakership, but failed. In 1884 he went to the Republican National Convention, as a delegate, in George F. Edmunds' behalf. In 1886 he was the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York, and was defeated by 22,000 votes. In 1889 he was appointed a member of the United States Civil Service Commission by President Harrison.

When the great wave of reform following the investigations of the Lexow Committee swept over New York, in 1895 and William L. Strong was elected Mayor, the latter thought of Roosevelt as the best man to reorganize the demoralized police force and enforce the laws whose violation had become a disgrace to the metropolis. He was made President of the Police Commission.

In the Navy Department. When President McKinley assumed office in 1897 he wanted to reward

Roosevelt for his service during the campaign of 1896, when, in company with Senator Lodge, the New-Yorker had made a speaking tour of the country. He made an energetic man in the Navy Department. The appointment of Roosevelt was a natural consequence, and in April, 1897, he assumed the Assistant Secretaryship. From the first he foresaw, it is said, the possibility of a conflict with Spain, and he set about preparing his department for it. He pushed repairs on the ships, and left nothing undone that would in his opinion secure the highest efficiency in the service when the time for action came. When the Maine was blown up Roosevelt had no doubt, it is said, that war would follow, and his energies were bent with redoubled force to getting the navy ready. When war did finally break out, he resigned and organized the Rough Riders. Then he became something of a national hero.

In the fall of the year in which San Juan was fought New York elected a Governor. The politicians feared him, but the people demanded his nomination. He was elected by a plurality of 18,079. With the approach of the Republican National Convention of 1900, the politicians, hoping, it is said, to shelve the New-Yorker so that he could not be nominated for President in 1904, demanded his nomination for Vice President. His Western friends, from other motives, insisted upon similar action. They wanted to honor him and to strengthen the Republican cause. So McKinley and Roosevelt became the ticket. The campaign was a memorable one.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND FAMILY.

Group photograph taken recently shows five of the six children.

The President has written numerous works, some of which will become standard.

HIS DOMESTIC LIFE.

A Talented Wife and Six Delightful Children.

President Roosevelt's domestic life has been beautiful. Mrs. Roosevelt never has courted social prominence, but she has been equal to every demand which the rapidly changing conditions of her husband's career have made upon her. By birth, education and cultivation she is fitted to stand by her husband in the high place which Fate has assigned to him, and she possesses the ready tact and sympathy which are so essential to the successful hostess, especially in public life.

As Theodore Roosevelt stands for the type of energetic, healthy American manhood, so his wife represents a high type of American womanhood. She was Miss Edith Kermit Carow.

and was born of a well-to-do family. As a girl she knew young Theodore Roosevelt. It has been said that a boy and girl sentiment existed between them before he went to college; but soon after his graduation from Harvard he married Miss Alice Lee, of Boston. Miss Carow went abroad to supplement her education by a course of study and travel.

When Roosevelt had lost his girl wife and was seeking solace in a European trip, he met Miss Carow. When he returned to America they began a correspondence. Their engagement followed and they were married in 1880. Between Alice Roosevelt—the only child of his first marriage—and her father's second wife there has been always the warmest affection; and her husband's sisters have been Mrs. Roosevelt's most intimate friends.

Like her husband, Mrs. Roosevelt has a pronounced literary bent. She is an omnivorous reader, an accomplished linguist and a keen student. Several years ago she published a volume of verses, intended for circulation among her friends. She is posted in politics, and keeps up with the newspapers and periodicals dealing with matters of current public interest as well as her husband does. She is not athletic, although she rides a horse well.

She has little taste for club life and the daughters of the American Revolution brought her in vain to be a candidate for President-General of their order.

Mrs. Roosevelt is not handsome, but she is attractive. Her manner is unaffectedly cordial and winning. She has nice brown eyes, and she wears her brown hair parted and carried back loosely from her temples. She dresses with a simplicity that is becoming. Her street frocks especially border on the severe. For evening entertainments



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

she dresses handsomely, but never showily. She manages the affairs of her own large household to the smallest details.

Besides Alice, who is 18 years old, the Roosevelt children are Theodore, Kermit, Ethel, Archibald and Quentin. Santa Claus will find a visit to the White House next Christmas exceedingly pleasurable.

Why James Forswore Humor.

James was always under the impression that he was a born humorist, and his friends never succeeded in convincing him to the contrary. But he has given up trying to be funny now; he says his humor was the means of losing a girl with a lot of money, and he has never got over the blow. He

MIRROR OF MICHIGAN

FAITHFUL RECOUNTING OF HER LATEST NEWS.

Woman Is Shot and Then Struck by Railroad Train—A Man Shoots His Landlord—Youth Practices with Revolver on Boy—Jewelry Is Recovered.

Mrs. Charles Davis was shot and seriously wounded by a would-be robber, and a few minutes later the corpse in which she was being taken to Alton for medical aid was struck by a west-bound train and she received several additional injuries. Mrs. Davis lives six miles north-east of the city. She was driving home from town with her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Hancock. A man wearing a mask jumped from the road side, near the town limits, and seized the horse by the head. He said "throw out your hand and throw it quick or I will shoot you."

Mrs. Davis did not comply and the man fired. The bullet entered the right side of her neck and took a downward course into the body. The would-be robber fled and Mrs. Hancock took the reins from the hands of the unconscious woman, turned the horse around and drove back to town. When they reached the main street she started to cross the Michigan Central tracks. She did not notice an approaching west-bound train and the buggy was struck before they could get across. The two women were thrown heavily to the ground and the buggy was wrecked.

Frederick Helms and instantly killed Cash Helms at Hudson. Helms had rented the premises where the shooting took place to John Walworth, who is in Washington, D. C. During Walworth's absence his son-in-law, Fred Nolan, had been staying with the family. Helms, for some unknown reason, didn't want Nolan there and undertook to drive him out. He went to the house and met Nolan in the yard. He began calling names and abusing him. Nolan told Helms he wouldn't stand it and started to go in the house. Helms followed him to the door, continuing his abuse. As Nolan stepped inside the doorway he pulled a revolver and shot Helms in the left temple. Death was instantaneous. Nolan gave himself up. The dead man is the last of what, in the early days in that section was known as the Helms brothers' gang, which carried on horse and cattle stealing extensively. He had been shot twice before, once quite seriously. One of his brothers died in Jackson prison.

Unprovoked Attack on a Boy. Charles Demelle, aged 12, had a close call from meeting death at the hands of George Paul, a 13-year-old youth, in the store's grocery store at Stephenson. The attack was unprovoked and wholly without cause. Paul called Demelle, whom he had never seen before, so the store runs, into a room in the rear of the store and fired the shot without a single word of warning. The bullet entered his left breast. The injury is said to be scarcely more than a flesh wound, however. After firing the shot Paul jumped through a window and fled. After an exciting chase which lasted more than two hours, he was run down in a swamp. When asked why he shot Demelle, Paul said he wanted to practice "Nick Carter" detective tricks.

C. S. Roberts' Jewelry Found. During the latter part of the season, while a passenger on a Pere Marquette line steamer from Milwaukee to Mackinac Island, Charles S. Roberts of the American Steel and Wire Company, who lives at Chicago, was robbed of diamonds, pearls and cash to the amount of nearly \$1,000. A negro named Charles Hendricks was arrested for the crime. He claimed to have found the valuables while fixing up Mr. Roberts' stateroom on the arrival of the boat at Ottawa Beach dock, and said that while counting the money he accidentally dropped the jewelry overboard. An expert diver was employed, but failed to find it. Hendricks was bound over to the Circuit Court for trial, and the valuables were recovered intact on the steamer, where Hendricks had hidden them.

Postoffice Robbed. The postoffice at South Lyons was entered by burglars, who gained entrance with tools taken from the Pere Marquette hand-car house. They blew open the safe, obtaining about \$150 in postage stamps for their labor, and made their escape. No clue.

Within Our Borders. A. E. Carter will put up a new hotel at Lindington.

Work has been started on Farwell's new cement factory.

There is in Illinois a family the four children of which were all born on the same date, but all in different years.

Mrs. Mary Bumpkin, aged 62 years, was burned to death in a barn near Marquette, which she evidently set afire herself.

Plymouth isn't going to take any more chances upon sidewalk damage suits, and hereafter all walks must be built of cement.

The Ladies' Library Association of Dowagiac will ask Andrew Carnegie to bestow one of his \$15,000 libraries upon that city.

The promoters of the railway from Lenox to Sault Ste. Marie will make a steam line, having received promises from the Grand Trunk and Pere Marquette roads.

James E. Hanson of Chicago, a traveling salesman, died in the Kent Hotel at Grand Rapids of an overdose of morphine, but whether it was taken with suicidal intent is not known.

The plant of the Lenox Hoop Co. was destroyed by fire. The stock and yard was mostly saved. The loss will reach \$3,000, with no insurance.

The Alger County Supervisors have awarded to the Northern Construction Co. of Milwaukee the contract for building the new county court house at Munising. The contract price is \$29,448.

The outlook for the sugar beet crop in southwestern Michigan is the best since the farmers of that section took to raising the beets. The factory at Kalamazoo, it is expected, will have a full season's run.

Paul Kinnunen, a resident of Copper Falls, who came to Flint to attend the school for the deaf and who was a mute, was killed by the early morning Grand Trunk train at Sault Ste. Marie.

Frank W. Davis, one of the oldest and best-known farmers of Calhoun County, died from the effects of a fall he received while building hay. He seriously injured his spinal column in falling.

While the children of John Neigh, four miles north of St. Louis, were at play about the house, the 12-year-old boy took down a gun from the wall and was fooling with it when it went off, killing his 9-year-old sister instantly, blowing her head from her body.

Onaway is to have a new bank before long.

Ypsilanti has another industry, a factory for the manufacture of bed springs. Muskegon County druggists are organizing for mutual benefit and protection. Two large plants for the manufacture of sovereign shells will be constructed at St. Joseph.

The annual meeting of the State Horticultural Society is billed for Monroe on Oct. 8 and 9.

The Grand Trunk and Pere Marquette are preparing to build a belt line around the city of Lansing.

The construction work on the new Grand Rapids-South Haven electric railroad will begin at once.

John Lattauer, an Alpena County farmer living near Ossineke, was attacked by an angry bull and killed.

Apples are very scarce in Calhoun County this fall and few farmers will have enough for their own wants.

Mrs. J. J. Gies of Detroit was killed by the accidental discharge of a shotgun with which her 5-year-old son was playing.

Probably the oldest man in southern Michigan is Joseph Hush, who lives near Galien. He celebrated his 108th birthday recently.

If a cash bonus is forthcoming a factory to make refrigerators, screen doors and house furnishings will be established at Sargis.

Poo Leionen was fatally shot by Matt Pihonen, his roommate, at Quincy location, near Houghton. It was accidental.

The Dowagiac Republican says that the average planted to wheat in Cass County this fall will be three times that of a year ago.

The residents of Mackinac Island defeated the proposition to bond the village for \$8,000 for water works and other improvements.

The Pere Marquette Railway officials are preparing to erect a modern station in Schemwing. The old one is to be converted into a freight shed.

By the end of next month there will be one less narrow-gauge railroad in Michigan. The Hancock and Calumet is now being changed to standard gauge.

Nearly all the flaxseed in Michigan is grown in St. Clair and Sanilac counties. There are half a dozen mills in the two counties which work up the product.

Dominick Tassi, a 9-year-old Italian boy of Iron Mountain, was shot through the head by a companion while out shooting. Tassi cannot live. It was purely accidental.

Fire at Lake Linden caused a loss of \$50,000. Allie Kirchen, one of the firemen, was severely injured by a falling wall of the Hotel Linden. The hotel was vacant.

The Council at Orion is considering a proposition from the owners of the assembly resorts there to establish a water works system to furnish water for fire protection and domestic use.

The 12-year-old son of Enoch Johnson of the Palms location near Bessemer, was seriously injured by the discharge of a shotgun in the hands of a fellow playmate. The charge entered his stomach and came out at the hip, tearing away a part of that member.

Mrs. L. Scholz, landlady of the Germania House, Menominee, discovered a burglar in the hotel, going through one of the bureaus. She grabbed him by the back of the neck, threw him down stairs and then telephoned for the police, who arrived in time to fall the fellow.

This season has been a great one for building at Chobogyan. Dozens of dwelling houses have been or are being built. An \$8,000 church has been erected, as well as a \$10,000 armory and a \$15,000 school house. Besides this thousands of dollars' worth of new cement walks have been laid.

Violent deaths to Adrian people continue to occur. L. Hummel's death by falling into a 60-foot well was supplemented by the death of Wm. Platt, who was gathering shingles from the Lake Shore shop roof and fell to the ground twenty feet, breaking his neck, causing instant death.

John Zieck, an Eau Claire farmer, seven years ago rented a farm. In four years he bought it, and this fall he has sold out to a Minnesota man for \$4,000. He says he never had a better time.

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Fred Brown, a machinist, whose home is at Adrian, was shot and fatally wounded while hunting on Little Muskegon bay by Douglas Yoss, a printer, Brown's uncle. According to the story told by Yoss, the two men were in the same boat, and the two men were in the same boat, and the two men were in the same boat.

Yoss then fired at the man in the boat, and the man in the boat was killed. The man in the boat was killed. The man in the boat was killed. The man in the boat was killed.

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TO WED A FRENCHMAN.

Daughter of Ex-Gov. Morton to Become a Countess.

Miss Helen Morton, the third and most beautiful daughter of ex-Gov. Levi P. Morton, of New York, is going to marry into one of the proudest families of France, as her engagement to Countess de Pezard indicates. The count is a son of the Duke and Duchess de Talleyrand and de Sagun, and himself heir to a title and estates enormously valuable, not only in point of money, but especially for historical association. When her chosen husband becomes duke the present Miss Morton will outrank every titled American in France except the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld.

Ever since the time Mr. Morton was the United States Minister to France Miss Helen, then a little girl, has proclaimed her intention to marry a



MISS HELEN MORTON.

Frenchman. Two years ago the family was much distressed over her infatuation for a penniless and rather rough young French diplomat, she had met at Florence. It was surmised, although the girl yielded to family entreaties and broke the engagement, that she had remained secretly faithful to her first love.

Miss Morton is an accomplished young woman, and beside being a thorough musician, is the mistress of several languages. She has traveled extensively in Europe and has figured somewhat in the fashionable world of London and Paris. She is an adept at outdoor sports and is a capital golfer and tennis player. When her father was Governor of New York Miss Morton was a particular favorite at Albany and took an active part in the entertainments and charitable works connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church of All Saints in that city.

AND THE TRUTH SHONE.

He Burned His Wife's Clothes, but It Was a Sanitary Precaution.

"Here's me rite han' helt up to ards de kingdom on high," exclaimed Andy Bivins tragically, "ter tell de truf, ef de Uttenh' strikes me down ar de thunder rolls mer soul ter de judgment seat."

Andy was in a most peculiar scrape. His wife said he had gone home and had torn up and burnt all her clothes. The recorder had commented on unlawful crematories and dangerous fires, says the Atlanta Constitution, and was about to send Bivins up for thirty days when the prisoner made his solemn vow as recorded above.

"Well," said Recorder Broyles, after the burst of Bivins' adjuration, "I suppose you had a funeral pyre out of your wife's clothes because you wanted to get her an entire new outfit."

"Jes' har de truf frum me," cried out Andy.

"You are going to tell me, perhaps," continued the recorder, "that you had to make a burnt offering to Mammon."

"De truf am gwine to shue when his cums from dis mouf," said Andy.

"Maybe you wanted to teach your wife a great lesson on 'All is vanity and vanities and vexation of spirit,'" the recorder went on to say.

"Jedge, am yer gwine to let de truf shine?" pleaded Andy.

"Yes, let it shine upon this dark domestic tragedy," the recorder told him, "and tell me why you confagrated and hollenstrated your wife's wardrobe."

"Dis, har me," said Andy, "I burnt dem ole clothes off mer wife's ter keep de sanitterry respecer from sayin' dat I was heppin ter spread de 'tjus derzeases.'"

"I'll fine you \$3.75 for playing sanitary inspector," the recorder said. "If you haven't got the money you will have to burn the wind for the stockade."

Weak on Its Foot. Jimson in a rash moment undertook to plant a new clothes post in the garden, and after much labor he delved out a hole into which he managed at length to coax the post to a perpendicular position, and he went indoors a proud and happy man.

Ten minutes afterwards, however, he went out to fetch his own again upon the spectacle of the family clothes post pointing skyward like a miniature telegraph pole, when to his consternation he found the late erection lying prone across the onion bed.

"You pushed it down, did you?" said Jimson, wrathfully seizing his youthful son and heir, who was playing about near.

"That I never, dad," replied the boy, earnestly; "a sparrow perched on the top an' overbalanced it. I seed him do it."—London Spare Moments.

Misapplied Advice. Out of that childish dependence that maternal care had encouraged Maudie had come to her mother for help in the doing of some little act that she could have readily done herself.

"You shouldn't annoy me for assistance in such trivial things as that," remarked her mother; "it is time you learned to help yourself."

"I have learned, ma," Maudie returned, "but I don't know just when it's right to do it; don't you remember how you scolded me the other day when I helped myself to the preserves?"—Richmond Dispatch.

The average man doesn't know his poor relations and his rich ones don't know him.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Mrs. Gaswell—The czar of Russia bow has four daughters. Mr. Gaswell—Oh, the dear little Czarinas! Clerk—I suppose you want a grand piano, madam? Mrs. Windfall (dismalantly)—Grand, I want a magnificent one.

A Bald Assertion: Barber—Your hair will be gray if it keeps on. Scantylocks—Well, I hope it will keep on.—Baltimore World.

She—So you went to see Hamlet? Do you think Hamlet was mad? He—I expect so. There wasn't over five pounds in the house.

Friend—Each side of the question presents difficulties. Statesman—Exactly! I think I'll take a bold stand on both sides of the question.

Minister—Bridget, these potatoes taste mouldy. Bridget—Yis, sorr, Oi dare say, sorr—they set next to your barrel o' sermons in the sullen.

If a doctor will whip his horse into a mad gallop just before he turns the corner to a woman's parlour, he will always keep her practice.

Persistent and Impetuous: "Doctor, your tonic made a new man of me." "A new man? Well, how is he off financially?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Ford—How much does it cost per mile to run your auto? Algy—Well, it costs about a cent a mile to run it, and about ten dollars a mile to repair it.

"What are you doing there?" cried the farm dog as he observed the hen in the coal bin. "Oh, I thought this was a good time to lay in coal," cackled the hen.

Kind: Mrs. Kingley—The dressmaker says she won't make me another gown unless you pay her bill. Kingley—That's good of her. God bless her.—Life.

Tough Party (in hardware store)—I wanted buy a dog muzzle, see? Clerk (affably)—All right, sir. What size do you wear?—University of Chicago Weekly.

"There is no doubt that this scheme will pay," said the promoter. "Yes," answered the purchaser of stock. "I suppose so. But who is to get the money?"

Staidhome (telling the news of the village)—My nephew, Clarence Pounwater, has become a finished educationist. Beenaaway—That so? Kill him yourself!

"Our college colors are pink and old gold," said Miss Frocks. "Our college colors were black and blue when I was initiated into the secret society," added her brother.

"Who is the smartest boy in your class, Bobby?" asked his uncle. "I'd like to tell you, Uncle," answered Bobby, modestly. "Only papa says I mustn't boast."

Bought Medicine Himself: "I've just been drugged and robbed," said he. "I think it is a shame!" The officer just yawned and said: "What was the drug-gist's name?"—Life.

Ma—It's time we thought of Grace getting married. She is already 22 years old. Pa—Oh, let her wait till the right sort of a man comes along! Ma—Why wait? I didn't.

I don't mind it under certain conditions," replied the canal boat wile. "You don't appear to like your exercise on the towpath."—That's where I draw the line.

Hostess—Dear me! what shall I do? Husband—Do? What's the trouble now? Hostess—Why, our guest, Mr. Stout, is so fat, and I have nothing but a spare room to put him in.—Illustrated Bits.

Chappie—I'd just like to know what you mean by being engaged to both Cholly and me at once. Miss Pinkie—Why, bless me! there is no harm done; you can't either of you afford to marry me, you know.

General—Stop that reporter. Aide—What? Don't you want him to send home an account of your heroism? "No. I don't want to be an American hero for a week and a punching bag for the rest of my life."

He was obviously anxious, and she seemed almost willing. "I shall refer you to papa," said she, with a becoming blush. "Before giving you a final answer." "But I am perfectly willing to take you without any reference," said he, magnanimously.

Management: "Don't you think you lose patience with your husband on rather slight provocation?" said the rather relative. "I have to provoke him sometimes," was the placid answer, "so that he will lose his temper, and then give me anything I want so as to atone for the way he has acted."

"Huh!" exclaimed Mr. Rox, after reading his morning mail. "My boy's college education is making him too smart." "What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Rox. "I wrote to him the other day that I thought it would be kinder for me not to return the check he asked for. Now he writes: 'Dear Father—I shall never forget your unreturning kindness.'"

If a father gave nineteen cents to one of his sons, and six cents to the other, what time would it be? Why, a quarter to two, of course. If a postmaster went to a manager and was eaten by one of the wild beasts, what would be the hour? Nothing could be easier. Eight P. M. If a guest at a restaurant ordered a lobster and ate it, and another guest did the same, what would be the second guest's telephone number? Absurdly simple. 8-1-2.

Matches Contraband in France. Tourists in Europe this year have been admonished to remember that matches are a government monopoly in France and are liable to be taxed at the rate of a franc per match if an attempt to smuggle them in is discovered, writes a Paris correspondent. These government monopolies lend something to the exercise of an almost childish tyranny. In Italy, for instance, where salt is a monopoly, and is consequently at an exorbitant price, it is considered an offense for the private individual to extract it from the sea water.

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LIFE AND DEATH GO FORTH EACH DAY.

Life and Death go forth each day;
Which one would you meet?
Death is grim, but Life is gay;
They, but both are sweet!

Yet, when Fate hath adverse mind,
Many cry with heart:
"Life is cruel, and Death is kind;
They, but Death is sweet!"

Life or Death—what need to care
Which it is you meet is fair;
Death is kind and Life is fair;
They, but both are sweet!
Geraldine Meyrick, in "New" Lippincott.

In the Supreme Court.

Everything conspired. It wouldn't have happened if poor little Bobbie's first discipline had not taken place early that morning, and if Frances Wylie had not been "on the rampage" again when school opened. Bobbie was the principal's only and idolized son, and still in kilts. Frances Wylie was the mischievous little Virginia Trapp's chief brewer of mischief.

"It was awful!" groaned the principal under his breath. He spread his hands out on the green baize of his table and regarded them with horror, as if there were blood on them. Could it be they had punished Bobbie—Bobbie? He had looked so bewitching and "inky" and naughty! His little crisp, sun-yellow curls had stood up round his reproachful face so becomingly?

"Awful! Awful!" the principal groaned. He was in no mood to begin the day's work in his Supreme Court on the ground floor of the Maltese High School. There would be punishing to do, of course, and to think he had punished Bobbie—little sunny-haired Bobbie!

"It's going to be a bad day. I see it in Frances Wylie's eyes!" groaned little Miss Trapp, inwardly. Frances from her back seat gazed about with studied, innocent wonder. She was almost half again as big as little Miss Trapp.

Frances was "on probation." She had been warned that one more misdemeanor would send her to the Supreme Court.

"I'm not afraid," she thought, serenely. "She's so little. I could put her in my pocket and run away with her."

But tiny, gentle-faced Virginia Trapp came of Puritan stock, and was endowed with courage. She might twist her small white fingers nervously, but she would not draw back. Let Frances Wylie beware!

So the day began in the Maltese High School, with a sore-hearted, self-reproachful father in the Supreme Court, and in Room Number Seven a mischievous girl and a tiny, troubled teacher. So the day went forward until the Vergil class was called. Then—

"Good morning," he said, absently. The two figures edged a little way into the room. For an instant there was embarrassing silence, while the principal from behind his desk observed vaguely the tall dignity of Frances and the curly brown head of the tiny teacher. Even to unsuspected eyes it was plain enough which was which.

Under the stress of excitement Virginia Trapp's tongue sometimes played her false. Now as she opened her lips to speak, she found herself incapable of uttering a syllable. Her tongue fluttered soundlessly.

"Well?" The principal gazed dimly at Frances waiting. He would give her time. It was a source of grief to him that he was held in such awe by his teachers. This tall, stately woman must be the new teacher in Room Nine.

"You have brought the young lady to me? She has been—transgressing, I see," he said, gravely, turning his near-sighted eyes with grave disapproval upon the tongue-tied little teacher. And before little Miss Trapp had time to gasp with astonishment, he had waved her peremptorily toward the "Prisoner's Dock" and turned back to Frances.

"You may leave her with me. I prefer to have the story directly from her," he said, gravely.

It had all happened in the briefest possible time. While the little teacher was still flushed and speechless, Frances had realized the principal's mistake and the rich possibilities for fun in it. She had taken in all the things that conspired—the absence of the all-important spectacles from the principal's nose, the presence of the far-away, preoccupied look in his pleasant gray eyes, and the ridiculous contrast between herself and the tiny, copped-haired teacher. A reckless spirit seized the girl. The end of the world was at hand, in any event; why not make the most of this last opportunity?

Frances drew herself up and bowed with dignity.

"I will leave her here, then, with you—and her own conscience," she added, in little Miss Trapp's best manner. Then she bowed the door behind her and sped down the hall, stifling her laughter. Straight into Room Seven she walked, and then she dropped into the chair behind the teacher's desk.

There was dead silence in the room, while from one girl to another travelled a look of mystification. Then Frances rose to her feet. She had recovered her breath and was quite calm and serious.

"Young ladies, our beloved teacher has unfortunately been arraigned before the Supreme Court, and I have been put in charge of Room Seven, in her place," she said, impressively.

"I need not ask you to remember that it is study hour. The class in Vergil may recite."

A ripple of merriment ruffled the calm surface of the room, but Frances arrested it with a sharp tap of little Miss Trapp's ruler.

"Be quiet!" she commanded. "There aren't but fifteen minutes left before the noon hour. Don't any of you dare to make a disturbance till then! I shall report every living, breathing soul that does! Now somebody recite!"

Frances Wylie and little Miss Trapp will not soon forget those fifteen minutes. In Room Number Seven they passed with fearful slowness. Frances watched the hands of the great clock in momentary expectation of avenging

doom. That it did not come filled her with amazement. Where was the scandalized principal, with Miss Trapp, white and gray, at his heels? Why didn't they come?
"Call this fun!" thought Frances in disgust. "I never enjoyed myself so little in my life! I—I guess I'm getting scared."

In the Supreme Court the fifteen minutes dragged their length out monotonously. The principal had turned back to his desk and resumed his writing quietly. It was his way to leave malefactors to their own thoughts for a season. The thoughts of this particular one, sitting still and flushed in the Prisoner's Dock, were gradually straightening out from paralyzed bewilderment and anger into steady reasoning.

Miss Trapp had not succeeded in uttering a word. As the door snapped behind Frances she had stepped forward and cleared her throat desperately. But the principal had waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Not yet, we will talk later on," he had said calmly. In his mind he had determined to wait until the beginning of the afternoon session, and then settle this trouble.

Miss Trapp consulted her watch. It was cool and still in the Supreme Court, and she folded her hands on the cover of her Vergil and rested, with a smile in the corners of her mouth.

"A hardened case," reflected the principal, "fully aware of the smile. But give me patience—yet, yes, certainly, patience. It was what he was sorely afraid he had not practised that morning with Bobbie, and his conscience was sensitive on the point."

"If I tell him about it now, he will dismiss her anyway. What hope would there be after an escapade like this?" the little teacher mused. "He would never let her come back—never! And that would break her mother's heart. I don't know but it would break Frances', too. She's really a dear girl, mischievous and all. I can't do it! I'm going to give her a chance to take it all back."

"There must be one chance—Frances should have it."

"You may go now, young lady, but you will return at the opening of the afternoon session. We will talk then."

The principal's voice was kind and, although he did not look up from his work, it was certain there were friendly lights in his eyes. Miss Trapp's heart warmed to him.

Room Seven was emptying itself into the corridor in its usual orderly fashion. Frances stood soberly at the door. The little teacher touched her arm and beckoned her aside. There was a suspicion of a laugh in Miss Trapp's eyes, but her lips were grave.

"Judgment is suspended. I am to go back this afternoon for it," she said. "I thought I would tell you, and if you cared to go, instead—it is a chance."

"Miss Trapp!" cried Frances, breathlessly, catching at both the small white hands. "Do you mean he doesn't know yet? That—that there is some chance, after all, for me? You haven't told?"

"I haven't told," the little teacher said gently. "There was a chance to wait, and I did. I thought you might want to take my place this afternoon."

"I do! I will! I'm going to!" sobbed Frances, in a tempest of tears. "I'll tell every single thing—I'll get down on my knees!—O Miss Trapp, I didn't think of mother, then, or you, or anything in the living, breathing world but fun!"

Bobbie, in his little blue kilt, met his father on the way home with a glad cry of welcome. It augured well for Frances—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

CHLOROFORM CRIMES.

Evil Deeds Are Not Easy to Do With an Anesthetic.

The curious case of robbery under chloroform which was decided in London a day or two ago, was followed with great interest by writers on medical jurisprudence. Hitherto many such writers have expressed great doubt about these cases, for the process is by no means so easy of use as people think. Very extravagant ideas prevail among the public as to the power of anesthetics, owing, perhaps, to the license employed by novelists when they describe "fancy" cases in their books.

One reads, for instance, of a man in a railway carriage waving a handkerchief before the face of a fellow-traveler and producing "instantaneous unconsciousness." This is absolutely impossible. Another imaginative writer recently described a murder carried out by pushing a towel saturated with a powerful anesthetic under the bedroom door of his sleeping victim. This also is nonsense.

In another tale the more feasible plan is carried out of entering the sleeping man's chamber and pouring the anesthetic on the bed, the murderer standing by and watching his victim die. But even this is stretching the truth rather severely.

The true facts about chloroform and its companion anesthetic, ether, are as follows:

First, with regard to administering the drug during sleep. Doctors have made very exhaustive experiments for it would be of great advantage to a patient on whom an operation has to be performed to chloroform him while asleep, and save him the horror which so many people have of being conscious of the operation. The results, showing that very rarely can chloroform be administered to a sleeping person without awakening him. Green people are with the rarest exception awakened by the irritating fumes. If a man were very tired, and if his nose were naturally insensitive to unpleasant odors, and especially if he were under the influence of drink, it might be possible to make him unconscious while asleep. But not even every doctor could do it. The operation would require the highest skill. And the most skillful administrator would succeed only once in a hundred times.

If we take the case of spilling the chloroform in a room, and thus impregnating all the air of the room, the thing is out of the question. Yet not only do novelties assert that this can be done, but many people have been actually charged in real life with doing it—for the purpose of blackmailing them for injuring them or perhaps to throw off suspicion from the pretended victim who has committed the robbery himself. If the room measures, say, twelve feet square, and is nine feet high it would probably take a gallon of chloroform spilled on the floor to make a man unconscious. All the chinks and crannies would have to be stopped up first, moreover, and the perpetrator himself would have to be poison proof or he also would succumb.



THE BULLFROG.

I wish I were a bullfrog!
I think he is a lucky dog.

He knows already how to swim,
No anybody teaching him;

And from the moment of his birth
The water is his mother earth.

He sometimes comes 'out on the bank,
Mid rushes cool and mosses dank.

But he is not so happy there,
Because he doesn't like the air.

So, with small grasses 'twixt his toes,
Plunges back into the pool he goes.

TOM BROWN'S ORIGINAL.

Few books are better known among English-speaking boys than "Tom Brown's School Days" at Rugby.

Thomas Arnold, Jr., was at Rugby when Thomas Hughes, the Tom Brown of the school life, was a pupil there, and in "Passages in a Wandering Life" gives his recollections of the boys' hero.

Tom Hughes at fifteen was tall for his age; his long, thin face, his sandy hair, his length of limb and his spare frame gave him a look of a lankiness of aspect which was the cause, I suppose, of the boys giving him the extraordinary nickname of "executioner."

No name could be less appropriate, for there was nothing inhuman or morose or early in his looks, and still less in his disposition: the temper of a bully was utterly alien from him, and he was always cheerful and gay.

He was one of the best runners in the school, and many a time have I seen him in the quadrangle just before "harp and bounds"—he being one of the harp-lighted club, and with a bag of "scents" strapped around him.

He was too keen-eyed and observant to be specially popular, but all the small boys liked him because he was kind and friendly to them. He reached the sixth form, but left before he had risen high in it, feeling, no doubt, that his work lay elsewhere.

A YOUNG DETECTIVE.

There is a true old-fashioned dime novel-bred living out in Arizona. He makes the most wonderful arrests and is known all around that locality as the youngest officer of the peace in the United States. He lives at Congress and is Richard Boscha, the fourteen-year-old son of Deputy Sheriff Boscha, who has been a deputy sheriff of Yavapai County, Arizona, for twenty years, and is a very fearless and worthy officer.

Richard is a small boy for his age, but he inherits the fearlessness of his father. He has deep black hair and eyes and his face is most intelligent. Not long ago he came into Phoenix, organization. When the young peace officer brought with him the sixteen-year-old son of a county officer who had fallen so deeply in love with the "Countdown 400" that he had run away with the officer asked whether the young man was glad to go back home, he smiled and said:

"No, he did not want to come, but there was no way out of it for him."

Young Mr. Boscha's abilities as an officer of the peace first came into notice about a year ago by the arrest of a Mexican for whom the officer had been looking for a long time. He and another Mexican had fought a duel because of their mutual love of a pretty Mexican girl, and the duel was intended to be deadly. One of the duelists was wounded and the other left the country. Officers hunted everywhere for him, but he could not be found.

Some months afterward, Richard Boscha, then only thirteen years of age, found the duelist and at the point of a gun took him into camp.

A GAME OF TAG.

One afternoon in the early Spring I saw two chipmunks—skinny and only half grown—chasing each other up and down a tree. Their tails were the only part of them that came into sight. They could possibly be warm, but the bright little things seemed as happy as if they were warm and the sun were shining. I watched them for perhaps ten minutes, and during that time they ran all over five trees. They did not trouble to run all the time, but jumped from branch to branch, leaping sometimes four or possibly five feet.

Often one of the little beasts would hide and would be so quiet that I could hardly tell him from the tree trunk. Then when No. 2 found him—and often it would take some time—they would both squeak happily and begin all over again.

One of them, I thought, was a male, last year's pigment and, at dawn, with his tail over his head, to eat it. The other thought he was still being chased, and was over the road and in another tree before he found that the first one was not at his heels—or rather his claws. He turned back and ran squeaking all over the tree; the hiding chipmunk was highly amused, and I could see him shake as if laughing. The second, though, was very much concerned, and seemed very angry. His anger was not diminished when he found that No. 1 had eaten a nut in his (No. 2's) absence. No. 1 was then vigorously chased with the nut still in his mouth, up and down, across the road, into two or three low shrubs near by, and finally along on the large electric power wire, till they got some distance along the road. Before I lost sight of them, however, they were sitting on the top of a telegraph pole and squeaking together most amicably.—Elizabeth C. Porter, in Christian Intelligence.

THE BIRDS OF NIAGARA.

The bird student on a visit to Niagara Falls, if he can get his eyes away from the magnificent plunging water and roaring cataract for a few moments, can find much about him that is of deep interest in the life of his favorite pursuit.—It is remarkable if many of the thousands of persons who stand daily in the summer on Table Rock or Goat Island give much heed to the tiny creatures that are darting through the air above the brink of the falls. There is plenty

of excuse for the visitor for seeing nothing but the ever changing color beauty of the thundering waters. Still there is much interest attaching to the movements of the myriad of swallows that pass and re-pass through the great cloud of spray and mist that dashes and rises from the rocks where the waters strike. People approaching the falls from below on the venturesome little boat called The Maid of the Mist are compelled to wear rubber clothing in order to escape a thorough drenching from the dashing spray. It is much heavier in places than the heaviest recorded rainstorm, and yet through it constantly during certain times of the summer swallows of many kinds are passing and re-passing, taking their shower baths without apparently wetting so much as a feather. Most of the birds that are seen flying through the spray this summer are swallows. They are constantly out through the lens of the floating rainbow, which in sunshine is ever present at Niagara, and as the bright light strikes their backs an added hue was given to the broad color bands.

The phoebes build their nests on the little ledges that jut from the faces of the rocky cliffs that rise on either side of the great Niagara gorge below the falls. The whirlpool rapids roar below these little homes. The wonder to the visitor is how the phoebes ever succeed in getting the fledgling young out of the nest and to a place of safety when the time comes to reach them. Any young bird balancing itself on the edge of the nest and then attempting a first weak flight, it would seem, must necessarily go hurtling down into the rapids. The only escape from the nest to good flying practice ground is upward, and it must be that the phoebes, exercising a rare wisdom, lead their young by precarious flight steps upward from twig to twig of the stunted trees that have a frail footing on the cliff's face.

Goat Island, which lies in the river on the brink of the falls, is between the American and the Canadian falls, is eternally deluged, as one might say, with the roar of waters. In places upon Goat Island it is hard to make one's self heard. Yet Goat Island is the summer home of hundreds of song birds that perch in trees within a stone's toss of the thundering falls, and sing and sing just as though they could be heard. The season was a little late for the singing of birds when I visited Goat Island in July. The song sparrow, however, sings every month of the year, and one of these little fellows was perched on the limb of a tree close to the great fall and was fairly splitting his throat in the attempt to let the world know that he was singing a solo. Birds have acute hearing, but I doubt very much if that song sparrow heard his own sweet strains.—Edward B. Clark, in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE WATER ANTELOPE.

One of "Two Strange Animals" described in the St. Nicholas by John R. Corryell, is the water antelope.

Of course the antelope belongs to the birds, and the water belongs to the fishes, and the earth belongs to the animals, but notwithstanding this easy division of the elements among the animals, it seems as if no species was willing to stay always in the element best suited to it. There are fish, for example, which not only fly in the air, but even take long walks over land. Birds, as everybody knows, walk on land and swim in the water. As for mammals, there are the whales, which live always in the water, the seals, which live most of the time in the water, the hippopotamuses, which live on land or in the water, as they please, and the flying squirrels, which fearlessly invade the air.

Besides these instances, which are so well-known that they no longer surprise us, there are others which are new and unexpected. Who can imagine the antelope otherwise than slender of form, graceful of movement, and fleet of foot? Why, we never think of the creature but as timidly pricking up its ears ready for flight, or as bounding like the wind over the plain. Its whole life seems motionless.

It seems quite in order for the heavy-limbed, slow-moving, large-jawed hippopotamus to be at home in the water, but for the antelope to abandon the land and give up all that grace and fleetness which are its birthright, seems like flying in the face of nature. Nevertheless there is an antelope in Central Africa which is as ill at ease on land as a fish out of water.

Major Serpa Pinto, a celebrated Portuguese explorer, came upon this singular animal while on his way across the continent of Africa.

The water antelope has the appearance of an ordinary antelope that has changed in order to suit itself to its new element. Instead of the short hair of the kind it has long hair, which, being thick and oily, prevents the water from wetting the skin. The hoofs have grown so long that they turn up, and so the creature moves about on land in a very slow and awkward manner.

In the water, however, it is swift and agile—so much so that it is almost impossible to shoot it unless it be caught on land. It would probably never go on shore at all if it were not that hunger compels it to do so. Apparently its stomach is not yet suited to a water life, for it eats grass, as other antelopes do. The eating, it remains as near as possible to the water, and at the slightest alarm hobbles to the bank and plunges headlong into the lake. It swims rapidly under water to a considerable distance, and then slowly appears on the surface and cautiously thrusts out its nose in order to breathe. It even sleeps in the water, and only shows a portion of the head and horns above the surface.

As it needs deep water to insure its safety, it is found almost always in the lakes; and the species is probably not very common. For Major Serpa Pinto is the first traveler to mention the animal. The liking of this antelope for water is the most strange because antelopes usually, like sheep, are much less dependent on that element than most other animals, being able to go for a long time without drinking.

As to Sardines.

Sardines being a luxury, we expect and can afford to be swindled when we invest in a box. Camembert cheese ditto. The domestic article sailing under French, Spanish and Italian colors and brands is sold even the consumer and he is lured by the sardine can. Most of the sardines in the market are caught near our native shores and packed in cotton-seed oil. The tins are stenciled in a foreign tongue.—New York Press.

MANICURING AN ALLIGATOR.

His Corns, When Removed, Weighed Half a Pound Each.

A reptile is the last member of the animal kingdom to receive the benefits of modern surgery—a fact in itself of enough importance to attract world-wide attention. Most of the alligator in Central Park is happier to-day because of the discovery of anaesthesia. He had corns as a result of grinding his paws against the concrete bottom of the tank where he has been confined, and at last he suffered so severely that he lay all helpless in one corner, seldom moving about. And no wonder! His corns were indeed corns for an alligator—or an elephant—as large as big potatoes of the California variety, and nearly as heavy. For after extraction they were found to weigh about half a pound each.

They were extracted recently by a small army of doctors and helpers, led by William T. Hornaday, director of the Zoo, who has been familiar with wild animals all his life. Mr. Hornaday thought he knew just how to go about handling the alligator, but a few strokes of Moss's big nail sent him sprawling on the bottom of the tank and taught him better. Moss is thirteen feet in length, four feet in width at the extreme, and weighs 800 pounds. When another saurian trod on one of his corns, recently he made a terrific noise and bit the offender almost in two. After that none of his saurian neighbors ventured near enough to hurt his corns again. The operation was then decided on.

As a preliminary the water was drawn from the tank and just before the alligator was put on his guard. The attendants coaxed and shoved him on an operating table, tied his jaws and bound him securely with ropes, while a great canvas sack was drawn over his head. Even then he kicked so lustily that it was found impossible to treat his feet with cocaine, as had been decided on. Three ounces of chloroform were administered, however, by Frank H. Miller, the veterinary surgeon. The alligator became submissive and showed no feeling of pain. Two tumors, which had been operated on about two years ago, had grown again. They were cut out entirely. Dr. Miller spoiled four lancets on the horny feet before he succeeded in removing the corns. An antiseptic dressing was then used, and after being examined and having his pulse felt carefully, Moss was liberated. It was ten minutes before he regained consciousness, and then he set his feet down squarely for the first time in weeks, surprised and bewildered, but nevertheless happy.—Leslie's Weekly.

Raising Lions.

The raising of lions in the Zoological Gardens of Dublin has been so successful that a new building is being erected for the accommodation of more cubs and the business will be conducted on a larger scale. Though there are at present very few lions in stock, about two hundred have thus far been raised and the cubs sold have brought the Gardens the handsome sum of \$25,000.

It is now proposed to make lion raising a yearly income to increase the resources of the institution. In addition to the cubs that have been sold quite a number of others have been exchanged for other animals, including two elephants and a camel.

It may be proper to call these new products of Dublin "fish lions," but their ancestors all came from Natal. This South African family of lions was formerly found in Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, but it has been so fiercely hunted that it has now entirely disappeared. One of its characteristics is a very black mane, which, however, does not invariably occur.

The South African lion seems to be perfectly acclimated in Dublin. For six years, however, the production of cubs did not thrive and the pure race was reduced to one male, answering to the name of Caesar. A Nubian lioness was then purchased and the family now consists of three lions and six lionesses.

Tried by Fire.

A little knot of naval veterans, gathered from the four points of the compass, were holding an informal campfire.

"I was with Farragut," said one of them, "just before the old man started to send the fleet past Fort Fisher. His son, a boy of twelve years, was on board. The lad had been teasing his father to send him to West Point, but the old man seemed to be doubtful about it."

"I don't know about that," the old man would answer when the boy teased him. "I don't know whether you'd stand fire."

"Oh, yes," I would, father," the boy would answer. "Just try me!"

"So just before we started to go by the fort the father called the boy."

"Now, son," he said, "come with me and we'll see whether you'll make a soldier."

"The great admiral and the little boy climbed up together into the mainmast. They were lashed to it side by side, and together they ran the gantlet of fire at Fort Fisher. When the fort was passed the father turned to his son."

"All right, my boy, you'll do," he said. "You shall go to West Point."

"I wonder how many miles of the present generation would stand that kind of a test?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Terrible Turk Quite a Carpenter.

The Sultan, when a prince, learned carpentering and became an expert carpenter, himself, and has always continued to take a great interest in it. One of his first acts when sovereign was to establish a complete joiner's factory at Yildiz, in which he superintends the manufacture of all sorts of articles of furniture, mostly of his own design. These are worked by very elaborate secret springs, in the invention of which the Sultan takes great delight. He has just sent to the Russian embassy a specimen of his work as a present to the Czar. It consists of a table richly inlaid with the Sultan's arms in front, where there are four drawers. By touching a spring the top flies open and the center rises, bearing a silver plate at which is to be found everything necessary for smoking, in silver and amber. The inside of the top has a medallion, in which is a portrait of the Sultan's son, surrounded by a frame of brilliant diamonds.

Diamonds Recovered After Twenty Years.

Many tales are told of treasures buried in the South in war-time which have never since been discovered. The following story is a happy exception:

"Day had come when the Colonel knelt before the rotting remnants of the chests that contained his long-lost treasures. Overflowing into the excavation they had made were silver vessels, cauldrons, silver vessels of various other sorts and patterns, black as jet from contact with the chemicals of Mother Earth. The tattered remnants of costly silk that had covered them held here and there a gleam of their former golden hue. Of the silver nothing was missing. The papers and parchments returned to light damp, of course, but in condition to be read. And, last of all, Colonel Winwood found on the wooden bottom of a chest a number of little leather bags."

"From one of them he extracted with shaking fingers the sparkling diamonds that would redeem him from poverty and Winwood from decay."—Mrs. Burton Harrison, in New Lippincott.

BURGARS NEVER BOLD.

"Gritty" Foster From Joliet Gives Up Professional Secrets.

"Bold burglars, or bold 'crooks' of any sort, are much more scarce than their victims have any idea of. They don't succeed because they are bold or have bravery that amounts to more than sublime assurance, but because the great majority of their victims are cowards."

These were the words of Charles F. Foster, alias "Gritty," and numerous other names, all of which he himself cannot remember, as he reached Jersey City on his way from Joliet, Ill., where he had spent three years and eight months for burglary in Chicago.

"That's right," continued "Charley," "and I know what I'm talking about. A burglar with sense knows that people will get out of his way as a rule, and will only be too glad to allow him to escape rather than run the risk of having their own skins hurt."

"I have known a man to lie awake in bed and make believe to be asleep, hoping that the burglar in the room would get through his work and hurry away without hurting him. He was a coward, and the burglar, who was just as big a coward, took advantage of the fact. He knew the man was awake."

"If that man had nerve the burglar would have 'skedaddled' with visions of a bullet behind him. Of course, if a burglar is cowarded he is like a rat in the same fix—he will fight."

"Conscience simply makes burglars."

If the rule was to receive burglars with a club or revolver there would be lots fewer in the business. If men were willing to take a little chance of being hurt burglars wouldn't take chances with them. No men are more careful of their bodies than burglars, and their courage amounts only to a reliance on the weakness of human nature.

"Think of the cowardice which allows two or three men to 'hold up' two or three dozen men in a railway train. A little grit would enable them to overthrow the highwaymen in a minute, but each one is afraid to lead and they submit like sheep. The profession understands this."

"After two or three cases of jumping on the train robbers—even at the risk of some injury or even death—there would be no more train robberies. But people submit, and the business goes on. Bravery of burglars is bosh."—Chicago Record-Herald.

GOOD WORDS FOR NEW BREAD.

Fresh Loaves Not So Injurious as Commonly Supposed.

A writer in the London Lancet disputes the commonly received opinion regarding the injuriousness of new bread. He says stale bread, when broken between the teeth, resolves itself into gritty particles, which, if they were not softened with saliva, would be next to impossible to swallow, consequently man thoroughly masticates stale bread and in doing so impregnates it with saliva, which partially digests and adapts it to the absorptive action further on in the alimentary tract.

But new bread, being soft and plastic, is more apt to be swallowed without mastication; or, in other words, bolted. It is in this act, he thinks, that the injury exists and not in the character of the bread. Hot rolls would be just as digestible as stale ones if they were properly masticated. He refers in this connection to the dog as a teacher of an important physiological lesson. This animal masticates meat, but eats bread because the mouth parts are able to do little toward the digestion of meat beyond reducing it to a convenient form for swallowing. He, however, seems to overlook the fact that the dog's teeth are only constructed for chewing, and that this is most likely the reason for his expeditious disposal of meat.